

DEN HUMØRFYLDTE PENSIONIST

THE CHEERFUL RETIREE

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Jeg har så længe, jeg kan huske, været fast besluttet på ikke at blive en sur gammel mand. Du ved: Ham, der synes, at ungdommen er både uforskammet, doven, egoistisk og, ja, det der er værre.

Eller som synes, at det offentlige ikke opfylder de krav, som vi stiller dem.

Det kan jo godt være, at den ungdom, som du møder i din hverdag, ikke er de mest skarpe knive i skuffen. Der er garanteret også rigtigt gode grunde til at kritisere de offentlige myndigheder for både det ene eller det andet.

Men er det værd at spille tid og miste sit gode humør på den slags overvejelser?

I min barndom havde jeg oplevelsen af en ældre mand, der hver dag spadserede sig en tur rundt i min landsby. Pænt sort tøj. En stok, som blev brugt flittigt, både til at støtte sig til på den ujævne grusvej, men også til at løfte til en glad hilsen til alle, han mødte.

Han hed Marius. Han blev en god ven af huset. Var min far i haven, så blev der altid tid til en snak. Marius brugte snus, og han

modtog med glæde alle mine fars cigaretstumper og udskrab fra piben. Til gengæld var han altid klar til at være et lille lyspunkt i hverdagen. Han havde en speciel måde at le på, og han lo altid.

Han blev også min gode ven. Ofte havde han fundet et eller andet spændende på sin vej, og det fik jeg. Højtideligt overrakt som en gave. Og hver gang blev jeg glad for selv den mindste genstand.

Jeg har altid fortalt mine venner, at jeg ville være lige som denne Marius. En gammel pensionist, der spredte hygge og glæde omkring sig. Det er svært. Pandemi, krige, egoisme, fremmedhad, men jeg kæmper fortsat.

En evig kilde til at gøre mig glad er naturen. Jeg hilser hver morgen glad på solsorten, der fouragerer efter snegle, insekter og orme på min græsplæne. Jeg synes, jeg kan se, at den hilser igen.

Jeg glædes over naturen i omegnen af min landsby. Denne uges fotografier er fra min ture i Lille Vildmose i juni måned i de seneste år.

The cheerful retiree

For as long as I can remember, I have been determined not to become a grumpy old man. You know, the one who thinks that the youth is rude, lazy, selfish, and, well, even worse than that. Or the one who thinks that the public services do not meet the demands we place on them.

It may very well be that the young people you encounter in your daily life are not the sharpest knives in the drawer. Certainly, there are very good reasons to criticize public authorities for one thing or another. But is it worth wasting time and losing your cheerful mood over such considerations?

In my childhood, I had the experience of an elderly man who every day took a walk round about in my village. Nicely dressed in black clothes. A walking stick, which he frequently used, both to support himself on the uneven gravel road and to lift in a cheerful greeting to everyone he met.

His name was Marius. He became a good friend of the family. If my father was in the garden, there was always time for a chat. Marius used snuff, and he gladly received all

my father's cigarette stubs and scraps from the pipe. In return, he always was ready to be a small bright spot in everyday life. He had a special way of laughing, and he always laughed.

He also became my good friend. Often, he had found something interesting on his way, and he gave it to me. Solemnly presented as a gift. And every time, I was delighted with even the smallest item.

I have always told my friends that I wanted to be just like this Marius. An old retiree who spread coziness and joy around him. It is difficult. Pandemic, wars, selfishness, xenophobia, but I keep fighting.

A constant source of happiness for me is nature. Every morning, I happily greet the blackbird foraging for snails, insects, and worms on my lawn. I think I can see it return my greeting.

I enjoy the nature around my village. These photographs of the week are from my trips to the bog, Lille Vildmose, in June in the recent years.



Lille Vildmose, juni 2018

The bog, Lille Vildmose, June 2018



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Lille Vildmose, juni 2018

The bog, Lille Vildmose, June 2018



Lille Vildmose, juni 2015

The bog, Lille Vildmose, June 2015



Lille Vildmose, juni 2015

The bog, Lille Vildmose, June 2015



Lille Vildmose, juni 2018

The bog, Lille Vildmose, June 2018



Lille Vildmose, juni 2018

The bog, Lille Vildmose, June 2018



Lille Vildmose, juni 2018

The bog, Lille Vildmose, June 2018



Lille Vildmose, juni 2020

The bog, Lille Vildmose, June 2020



Lille Vildmose, juni 2019

The bog, Lille Vildmose, June 2019

KOLOFON

Ugens foto: Den humørfyldte pensionist
Af Keld Jensen

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COLOPHON

Photo of the week: The cheerful retiree
By Keld Jensen

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